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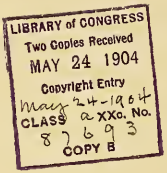
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WONDERS OF JAPAN

A PORTFOLIO OF VIEWS

IN THE

ENCHANTED BAMBOO-LAND

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THE HOBART COMPANY

PUBLISHERS NEW YORK CITY

WONDERS OF JAPAN

PROBABLY in all the wide world there is no country about whose past hovers such a halo of romantic mystery as Old Japan.

The more one delves into her history, and then watches the almost meteoric strides which have carried her out of what might be called barbarism to a position almost abreast those nations in the van of the world's progress, the deeper grows the conviction that this land of the Mikado is certainly the wonder of the past century.

Until Commodore Perry demanded, back in '53, that Japan open her doors to our commerce, the peculiar island kingdom had been all but a sealed book to the outside world.

At that time the condition of her people in many respects appeared simply appalling in the eyes of those more civilized ; and yet, strange to say, for centuries even then the Japanese had been amassing such art treasures as no other country under the sun could boast.

For hundreds of years each Mikado was but a mere figure-head, a military governor called the Shogun ruling with an iron hand in place of the duly ordained puppet on the throne.

Under these warrior leaders glorious were the wars waged, generally with the Koreans, their closest neighbors on the mainland ; or it might be, the hordes of Chinese, from whose country it is generally believed the Japs originally sprung.

These same Shoguns left a deep and lasting impression upon Japan, and everywhere can be seen costly temples, and tombs, and shrines, erected to their memory,

where to this day throngs of humble admirers burn incense, and say prayers in honor of the valorous virtues of the ancestral dead.

A country never forgets its warrior heroes, even though the greatest statesmen may pass out of memory.

It was the war with China, only a comparatively few years back, that opened the eyes of the world to the amazing progress made by Japan along the lines of civilized advancement.

From the legitimate fruits of that victory she was cheated, mainly through the influence of Russia, who secretly coveted Manchuria and Korea herself, in the hope of extending her territory southward beyond the line of ice-bound harbors.

Japan has never forgotten this, and during these years all her energies have been devoted to preparing for the greatest struggle of her national existence, when the hosts of the Czar and the Mikado would meet in a death-grapple upon the plains and in the mountain passes along the storied Yalu.

Knowing what Japan was just fifty-odd years back, it almost staggers belief to find that to-day she has an army in the field of splendidly disciplined and armed soldiers, to the number of almost half a million, and that her navy outranks that of Russia in effectiveness, as has been promptly demonstrated whenever the two have come in contact.

This is only part of her progress.

In manufactures her people have shown such an aptitude for duplicating any device of labor-saving machinery fashioned in Europe or America that, looking forward a few decades, one is naturally filled with concern and even apprehension, while contemplating what an influence these "Yankees of the East" may have upon the destinies of those nations so proudly in the van to-day.

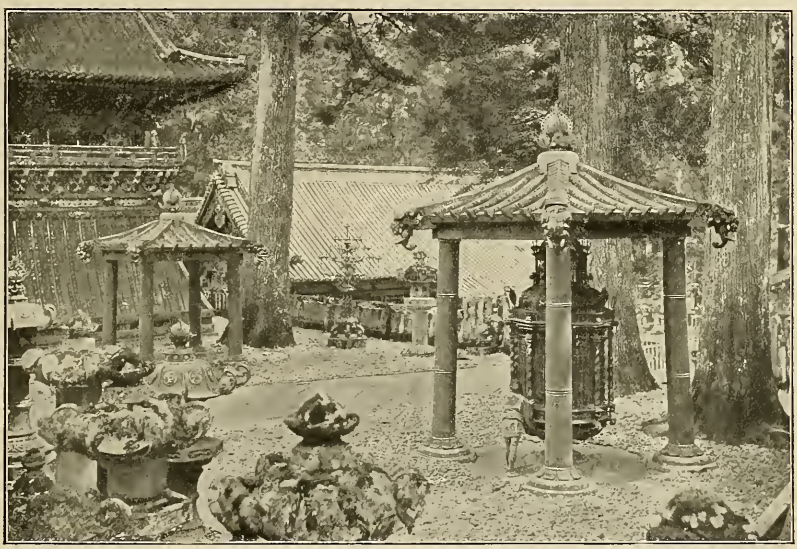
The country, from end to end, is filled with temples and shrines, pagodas, and tombs, some of which have been fashioned in a manner so magnificent as to fairly awe the art student sojourning in their midst; while one and all contain treasures valuable beyond compare.

Though the camera may faithfully reproduce these objects of interest, it frequently signally fails to do even fair justice to the exquisite carving, the delicate tracery, and the wonderful inlaid-work that distinguishes the finest effort wrought through the cunning of patient Japanese skill.

Realizing what a wide-spread interest has of late been aroused in connection with the valiant warrior-spirit of this little nation, it has seemed only reasonable that something of the same curiosity might awaken with regard to her quaint domestic affairs, her throbbing daily life, the weird religious ceremonies that mark her faith in Buddhism and Shintoism, and last, but far from least, the endless stores of rich and rare curios to be found everywhere within her borders.

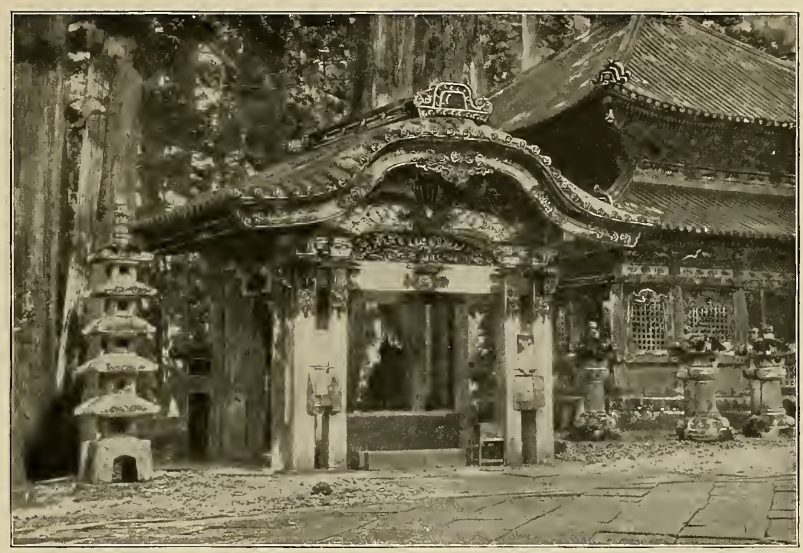
The views embraced in this portfolio may be relied upon as authentic, having only recently been taken on the spot by an earnest traveler, enthused with the fascinating subject.

Through their agency one may learn much more readily than by means of cold type what this island kingdom of the Mikado, the wonderland of the bamboo, as it has sometimes been called, is like—how the Japanese dress and live, and carry on their commercial pursuits—how they follow the customs of their revered and "honorable" ancestors in their strange religious ceremonies—in brief, these photographic glimpses bring one in close touch with the throbbing heart of Japan, and, in this respect, may properly be looked upon as an education in themselves.

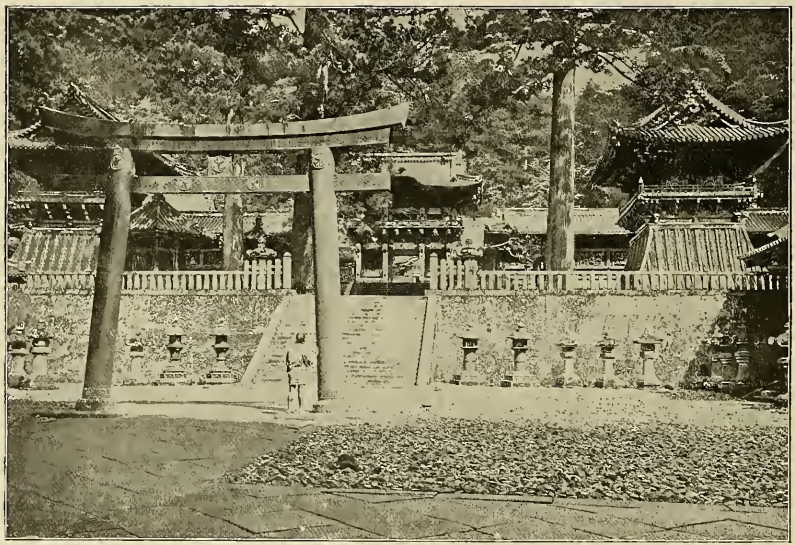


Gifts to "Old Japan," showing some of the odd conceptions to be found in the sacred park near Nikko, amid the temples and shrines. The majority of these works of art have from time to time been contributed by wealthy noblemen to mark the respect they entertain for the dead Shoguns, whose sacred tombs adjoin this spot.

Magnificent bronze lanterns with solid stone bases, guarding the shrine of Ieyasu, and presented by noblemen in honor of the dead Shogun. These with many other curious works of Japanese art, lie upon a hillside near the Northern city of Nikko, and in a grand grove of cryptomeria pines that grow one hundred feet in height.



The Holy Water Cistern, fashioned out of solid granite, and supplied copiously with water by the Shiraito, or White Thread Cascade. This unique drinking fount is near the holy shrines at Nikko, and it is calculated that fully one hundred thousand pilgrims journey thither at the fête, which occurs but once a year.



The famous Yomeimon Gate of the shrine of Shogun Ieyasu, a two-story structure, ornate with lines of beauty, intricate traceries, graceful arabesques, and marvelous carvings of Chinese sages, groups of children, dragons' heads, and mythical beasts. It is one of the show places of the country, and can never be forgotten by the observing tourist.

Street decorations in Old Tokyo, which strike foreign eyes as wonderfully unique and showy. Crowds of merry shoppers jostle along, and many are the strange sights that appeal to one's artistic temperament.

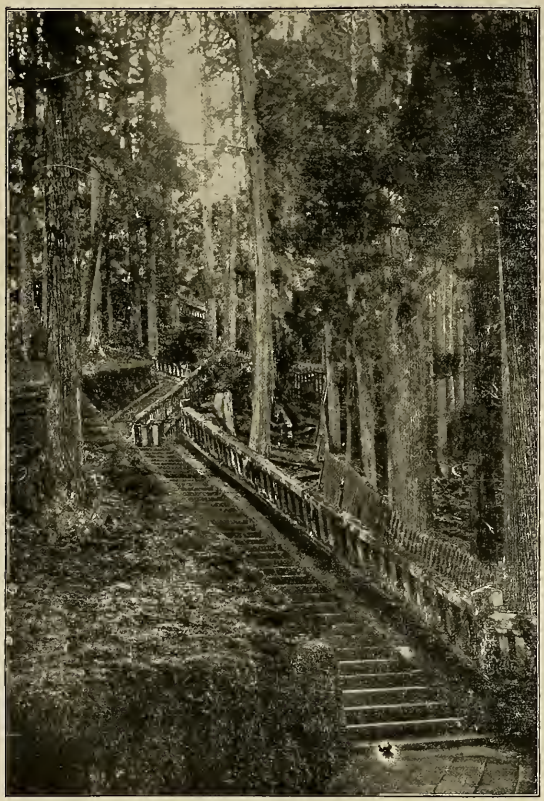
The interior of a Japanese house is a revelation, with an entire absence of furniture, floors highly polished and covered with matting, and doors that slide noiselessly. Screens, open-work friezes, and kakemonos, or painted scrolls, decorate walls and corners, while in niches can be found tobacco boxes, saké cups and bottles, together with decorated soup and rice bowls.

The Torii, beyond which glimpses may be had of a graceful Japanese pagoda, the architecture of which is peculiar to this wonderful people, though in many particulars it resembles that of the Hindoo Buddhists.

Gate of the Shinto chapel of Ieyasu, which has been pronounced a superb work of art by connoisseurs. It is constructed of precious woods from China, beautifully inlaid with flowers and birds in relief, each finished with the same patient, loving care of decoration.

One of the pleasant spots near Yokohama is an old tea house called Fujita, situated on a bluff, and reached beyond the bridge by the One Hundred Steps. Everyone wanders there, and sips tea as only Japanese and Chinese can make it, while surveying the beautiful view spread out like a panorama.

Shrine of Yoritomo at Yokohama. Everywhere the traveler comes upon such evidences of sincere devotion to the peculiar religious fancies of this quaint island people.

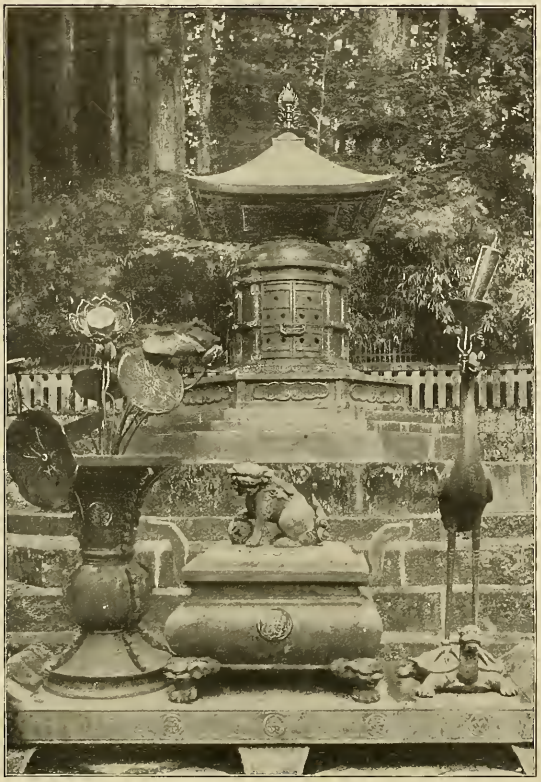


Moss-grown steps leading to the sacred tomb of the Shogun Ieyasu amid the temples and groves of the hillside near Nikko. Strange to say that, while this tomb is held by the Shinto priests, that of his son Iemitsu still remains in Buddhist hands and is brilliant with the gorgeous paraphernalia of that religious worship.

The great bronze bell in the sacred park at Nikko. As will be noticed, the method of ringing it is unique: a huge log of wood is suspended outside the bell at such an angle that, when pulled, it will on the rebound strike the bell on a certain spot, making a fine, clear tone that can be heard at a great distance.

A Japanese tea house is ordinarily composed of one large room, which can be divided into smaller apartments by sliding screens. Here the most exquisite beverage is served by geisha girls, and the whole atmosphere is strongly suggestive of the Oriental.

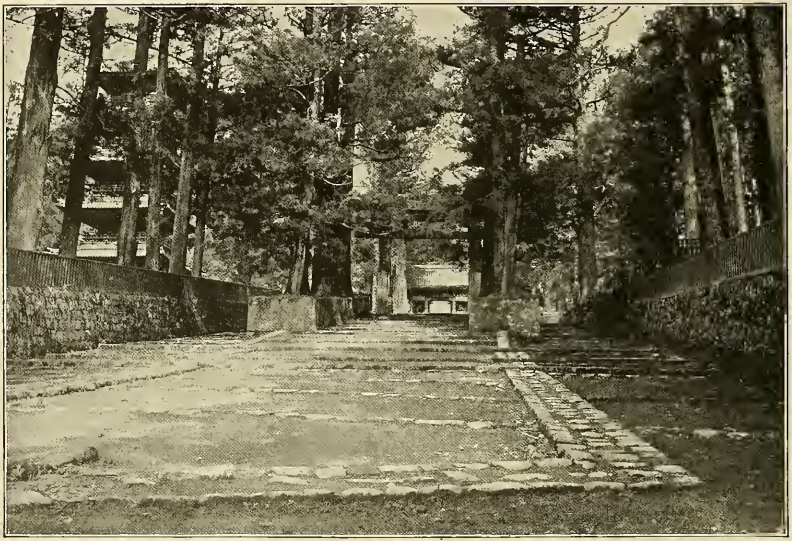
The usual mode of salutation among friends. Even the landlord greets his arriving guests in a most obsequious manner that is a startling contrast to the arrogant bearing assumed by our American bonifaces.



The Tomb of the great Shogun Ieyasu, which is the sacred shrine to which tens of thousands of devout pilgrims journey every year at the favored period. Here one is amazed at the multitude of exquisite carvings and ornamental figures in which art the Japs certainly are without a peer, unless it might be the Hindoos.

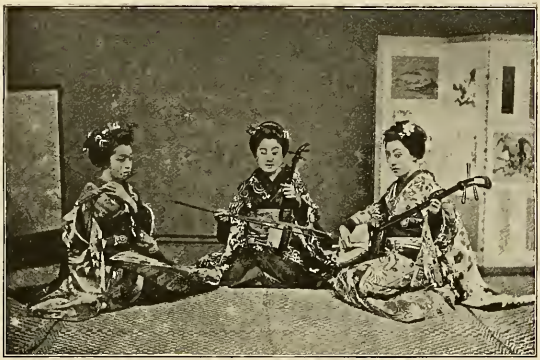
A vender of daikon in the streets of Tokyo. This is a vegetable resembling our radish, only of much larger size. It is a favorite food with the Japanese, usually pickled, but its odor is certainly villainous to the uncultivated senses of foreigners.

One of the Shiba gateways at Tokyo, leading into the grand grove of trees that with the numerous temples forms a magnificent park. Here lie five Shoguns of the Tokugawa dynasty.



The Grand Avenue is always one of the sights of the capital, and any pilgrim who has been whirled along its length in a comfortable rickshaw, drawn by a fleet-footed runner, will always cherish warm memories of the many interesting panoramas opening to his view. These Japanese roads are as a rule excellently built, to last for ages.

Motomachi, one of the most interesting streets in Tokyo. The small, low houses extend the entire distance, facing the water, and in each some patient little industry is going on in full view—coopers, makers of idols, baskets, dolls, wooden pillows and clogs, straw hats, rain-coats and sandals, trifles of bamboo and paper, and various other things being manufactured.



Japanese musicians play various instruments, among which may be mentioned the Kokyu, which resembles our violin; the Samisen, which produces music like that of the guitar, and the Koto or flute.

The Dancing Girls have become famous, but foreigners as a rule do not understand that each one of the dances they execute has a subtle meaning, such as congratulations and rejoicings after a military victory.

The Daibutsu or Great Buddha, at Tokyo is some fifty feet in height, and fashioned out of gold, silver, and copper-bronze. Buddha is represented in a sitting posture, gazing calmly out over the great plain, silent and impenetrably mysterious. The statue is hollow and contains a shrine. It is customary for travelers to perch upon a thumb of the monstrous god, and be photographed, for a liberal consideration, by the attendant priests.

Mississippi Bay, in the neighborhood of Yokohama, formerly called Yeddo, was named in honor of a vessel in the squadron of Commodore Perry, when in 1853 he demanded on the part of President Fillmore the "establishment of international relations," and through his diplomacy and determination opened sealed Japan to the world.

Buddhist priests still seem to be a power in the land of the Mikado, though the people have long been drifting toward Shintoism. The temples of the two religions may be found everywhere side by side.

Official Harakiri, by which is meant the execution of those condemned to death, is performed in the most solemn manner by means of a heavy sword, the edge of which is as keen as a razor, for the Japanese excel in the tempering of fine steel.

A Dashi, or religious car, is a revelation, towering aloft, decorated in a most wonderful manner, with the attendant priest going through his incantations. As might be supposed, they are objects of extreme respect to all who throng the streets, for the Jap is nothing if not religious.

The Kuruma resembles a large-size baby carriage. In case of rain the convenient hood is raised, and this also serves as a shield against the fierce rays of the sun. Dragging this light equipage behind him, the coolie can make astonishing time over the good roads, and it is always with pleasure that the traveler gives himself over into the charge of so intelligent a "man-horse."

The Temples of Kameido near Tokyo stand in spacious grounds. Here are gnarled plum trees said to be three hundred years old. During the time of blossoming, from January to March, the people throng these groves, and the scenes encountered at such times are certainly captivating in the extreme.

The wistaria vine in Japan grows to an abnormal size, a single plant affording shade to three hundred people. The blossoms in clusters three feet in length hang in countless numbers, presenting a bewildering aspect.

Yashamon Gate, one of the various entrances to the park where near Nikko lie the tombs and shrines of those great Shoguns who served to make their names illustrious in the history of Old Japan.

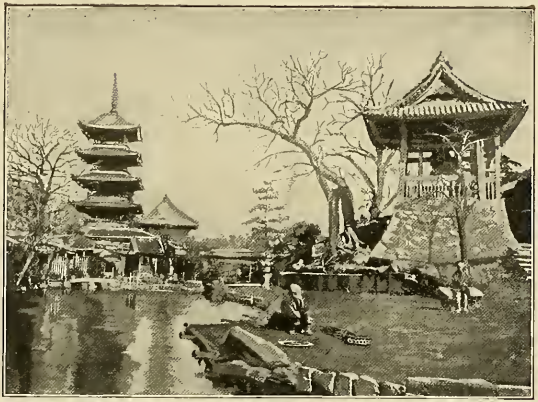
The sacred images of Amida, a powerful deity of the Japanese. These hundreds of worn and moss-covered figures, roughly hewn from stone, have for ages contemplated the "sunny splendor" of the beautiful valley of the sacred river at Nikko in the north. They are held in great reverence by all devout Buddhists.

Other images of Daibutsu or the Great Buddha. These are to be found all over the empire. The pair in the picture may be seen at Asakasa, and are small in comparison with others.

Pilgrims on the road to the sacred volcano, Fujiyama. They dress in white with long sleeves and big hats, plodding along over rough mountain roads with that sangfroid peculiar to the Japanese nature.

The Kago is another favorite method of travel in Japan, and seems to be peculiarly adapted to mountainous regions, or where there is a lack of good roads. As will be noticed from the picture, it might be compared with a litter, or even the palanquin of other days. Those who have tried this means of progress unite in declaring the sensation very soothing, if tedious.

Yumoto Lake is situated in what might well be termed the Switzerland of Japan. Its beauties have long been extolled by all those travelers fortunate enough to sail upon its pellucid waters. It is five thousand feet above the sea, and in the village nestling on its precipitous shore are numerous sulphur and other medicinal springs, which in summer make the region a favorite watering place.

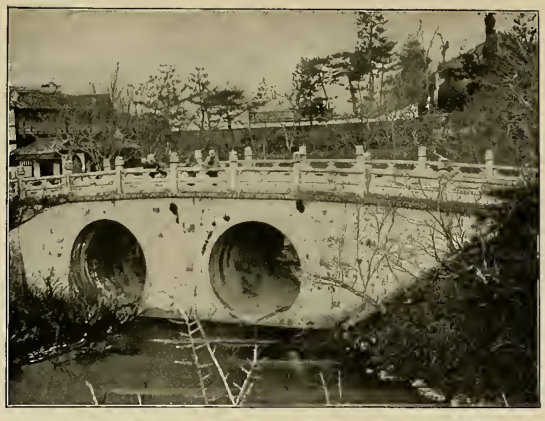


The Bell-temple at Asakasa, near which one can see a prayer-wheel; the applicant pays a fee, turns the wheel, with the simple request that Jizo will let his sins pass unnoticed, and that he may not be punished for them in the future state.

A picturesque hamlet near Miyanoshita, and on the road to the sacred volcano, Fujiyama.

Yokohama Bay, from the "Bluff," presenting one of the grandest views imaginable. Ordinarily the blue, sun-kissed water of the harbor is dotted with thousands of moving sampans and junks, men-of-war and merchant vessels at anchor, and forms an animating panorama indeed.

Yumoto Springs, one of the watering places in Northern Japan, where during the short summer seasons crowds come to test the healing properties of the various waters. Here the old-time custom of mixed bathing still prevails, though it has been abolished in the large cities, thanks to foreign influence.



The Megane-Bashi, or spectacle bridge, spanning a lotus pond in the cemetery of Nishi Otani, near Kyoto.

The crowded condition of the cemetery, Nishi Otani, as seen in the illustration, is due to the custom of burying in a sitting posture in coffins but four feet high.

Illicilliwaet River and Hermit Range, a glimpse which the American tourist catches in the Selkirk Mountains when passing through the great Canadian Northwest, on the way to Japan.

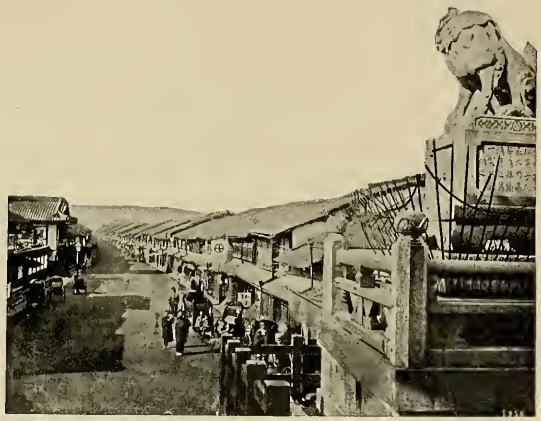
Like the Chinese, the Japs are fond of water, and seem at times to be almost amphibious in their ability to dive and swim. Those who can afford it take great pleasure in cruising around over inland waterways, by means of a native houseboat, which, while anything but luxurious in Western eyes, affords them such comforts as they appreciate.

The exterior of such a tea house as abounds all over Japan, showing a bit of the grounds, with the shrubs and trees that go to make these wayside resting places so popular.

A glimpse of the Mikado's palace in Kyoto, which, with the castle of the Shogun, are considered very interesting sights—externally the palace does not appear very attractive, but its internal decorations enjoy great repute.

The Fire Department of Tokyo will probably by degrees come to adopt all of our methods of fighting the fire fiend, but at present the hand-engine is still in use. A fire creates great excitement, but the residents quickly remove screens, mats, and the few articles of furniture to a distance, and only the roof and wooden frame are left for the flames. Nearly every private house has a "godown," or fire-proof building with walls of mud or clay, in which are stored the family treasures.

Lake Agnes, eight thousand feet above sea level. A beautiful tear-drop to be seen by the tourist crossing the mountain ranges of the British Northwest territory, on the way to Vancouver to take steamer for Yokohama.

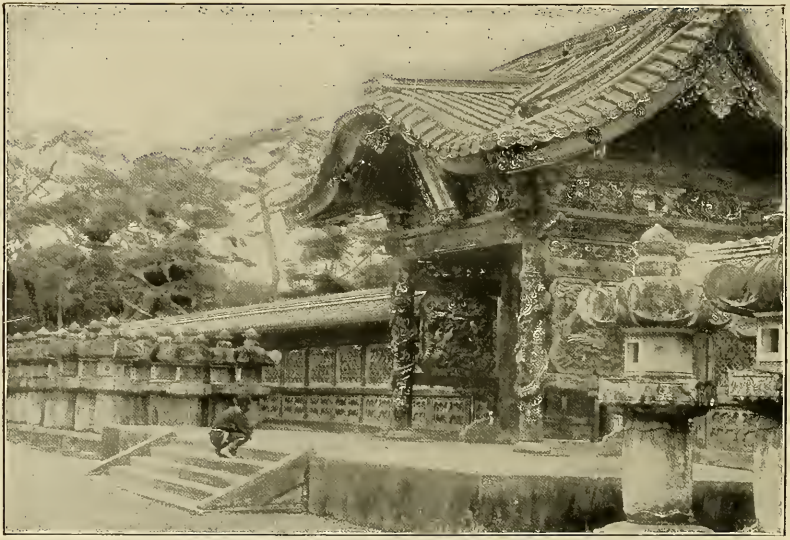


A street scene in Kyoto, typical of all Japanese towns and cities, the low, almost flat-roofed houses being the peculiar feature, with shops occupying the lower floor—as a usual thing, always wide open to the passerby.

Specimens of bamboo ware for sale. The bamboo is used in everything connected with the life of a Japanese from the cradle to the grave, and well do travelers call the empire the Land of the Bamboo.

The Valley of the Bow in the Canadian National Park is a charming bit of scenery which is apt to forever after haunt the memory of the tourist on the way to Japan. Its rugged grandeur is in striking contrast to the mild and beautiful vistas soon to spread themselves before the eyes of the pilgrim in the land of the Mikado.

A grove of bamboo is certainly a thing of beauty and a joy forever in the eyes of those who look upon it for the first time. Bamboo enters into almost every feature of Japanese life, and forms the one indispensable adjunct to their existence from birth to death, even serving as coffins. It is also eaten in its tender stage, just as we use cabbage.



The most magnificent of the temples of Shiba, situated in a public park at Tokyo, where five eminent Shoguns lie buried in state. The decorations of this building almost surpass belief, and are the distraction of art students, who go into raptures as they discover exquisite carvings in seemingly endless numbers, each appearing to surpass those preceding it.

Dwarf trees are one of the proudest accomplishments of Japanese gardeners, and indeed these people stand in a class by themselves when the reproduction of forest monarchs in miniature is concerned. These little trees are perfect facsimiles of their giant prototypes, even to the most minute circumstance.

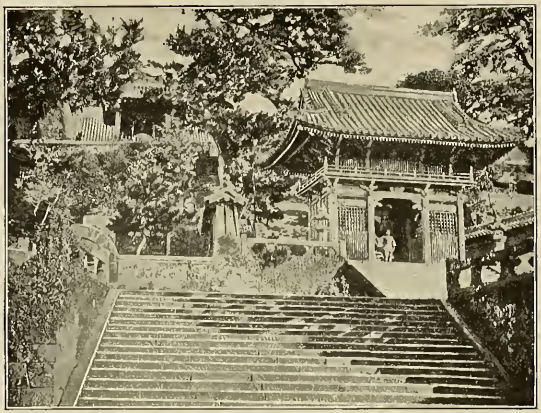
A Japanese dinner party is always an interesting sight, each guest having a separate little table a foot square before which he or she squats. The table as well as the little bowls for rice, soup, fish, and other foods are all lacquered.

The kimona of the poorer classes is made entirely of cotton basted together, and when washed is taken to pieces, and each piece, after being slightly stiffened, is stretched upon a board to dry.

The Daibutsu, or Great Buddha, at Ueno is a monstrous image, to which the people of Tokyo resort to worship and pay tribute for the remission of their sins. Of course the priests in charge see to it that all contributions are scrupulously garnered, and yet foreigners seem unable to understand just what becomes of the immense sums contributed toward religious purposes.

The residence of Count Ookuma, one of the grandees of Tokyo, and always an object of great consideration among tourists. In times gone by it was the count's habit to give banquets in the park, at which dramatic entertainments held a leading place, and these were supposed to represent the romantic side of Japanese life in the past centuries.

The Emperor's palace at Tokyo is protected by seven miles of moats and high stone walls. Twenty-seven entrance gates pierce the walls, which in places are fully one hundred feet in height. And the gardens are a dream, being filled with such flowers as have made this country famous.



The Buddhist temples vary in size and shape, but they resemble each other in many particulars, and can easily be distinguished from those erected by the followers of Shintoism.

The Sumida River near Tokyo, a broad stream which is navigated by countless sampans and junks, most of which are doubtless fishing boats, manned by hardy sailors who venture hundreds of miles out in their frail craft to take toll of the sea.

The armor of an old-time Japanese warrior. As may be surmised, this means of defense was in use long before the modern firearm appeared in the hands of the islanders. A Krag-Jorgensen steel-jacketed bullet would doubtless find but little difficulty in piercing the breastplate, gorgeous though it appear.

Public exhibitions of wrestling are given in structures of bamboo decorated with gay flags. The Kimura family monopolizes the business, and any man who desires to become a wrestler must be a pupil of a Kimura and adopt the name.

The outside of a Japanese theater presents a somewhat familiar appearance, with its pictures and placards announcing the wonderful things to be seen within by the payment of a small entrance fee.

A glimpse of the road on the way to the medicinal baths of Miyanoshita in the northern mountains. The rugged aspect of the scenery is very impressive, and in winter the cold is so intense that most of the people desert their homes and hotels for the lowlands.

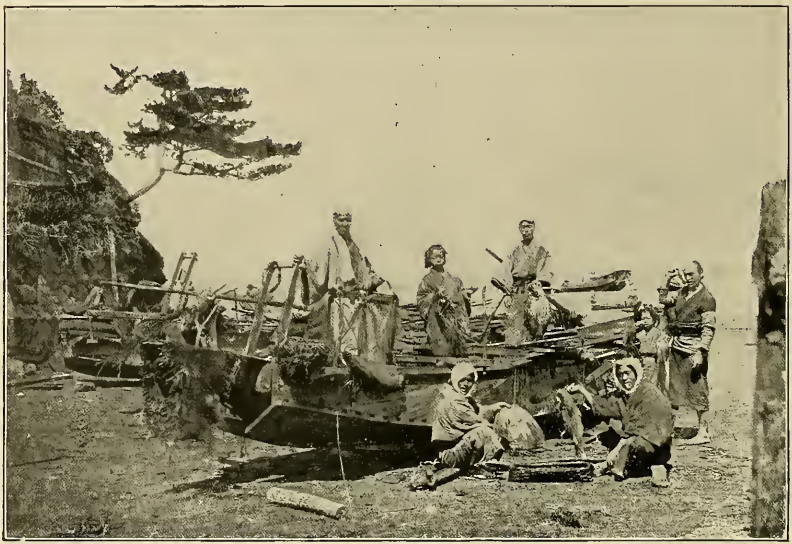
A glimpse of the sacred volcano, Fujiyama. This landmark is probably held in higher estimation by the Japanese than any other thing on the face of the earth. It appears in some shape or other upon almost all screens, fans, and lacquered ware exported out of the country, and has indeed become virtually a Japanese trademark.

A handloom used in velvet- and silk-weaving. It is operated by two persons. Others are operated by foot power; but in all the branches of weaving the Japs seem to excel.

The old castle and moat at Osaka, the commercial center of Japan. This city is intersected by canals like the Hague, and these waterways are crowded with junks, sampans, and pleasure craft.

The fishing industry of Japan is of vast importance, the receipts reaching an annual aggregate of eight or nine million dollars. The native fishermen are bold fellows who seem to hold the terrors of the deep in contempt, thanks to the tenets of their religion that makes fatalists of them.

The rice-producing province extends for a hundred miles along the coast, and vast quantities of this grain, upon which the people principally live, are garnered each year. It is not a very agreeable vocation, requiring considerable paddling around in mud and water, but these patient toilers deem no effort too demeaning if it but bring them their simple livelihood and its few attendant pleasures.



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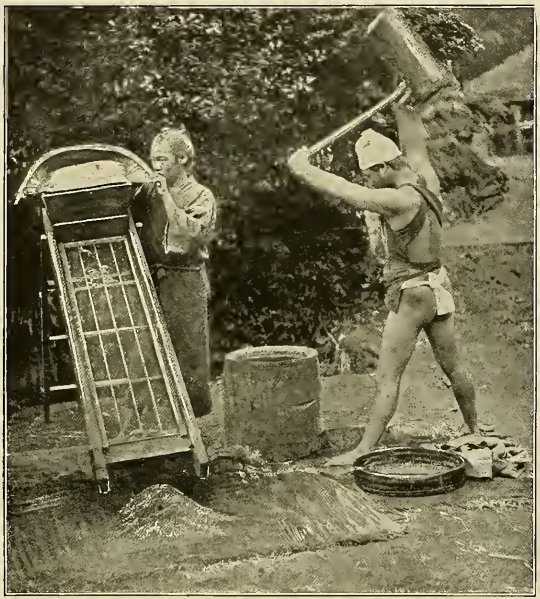
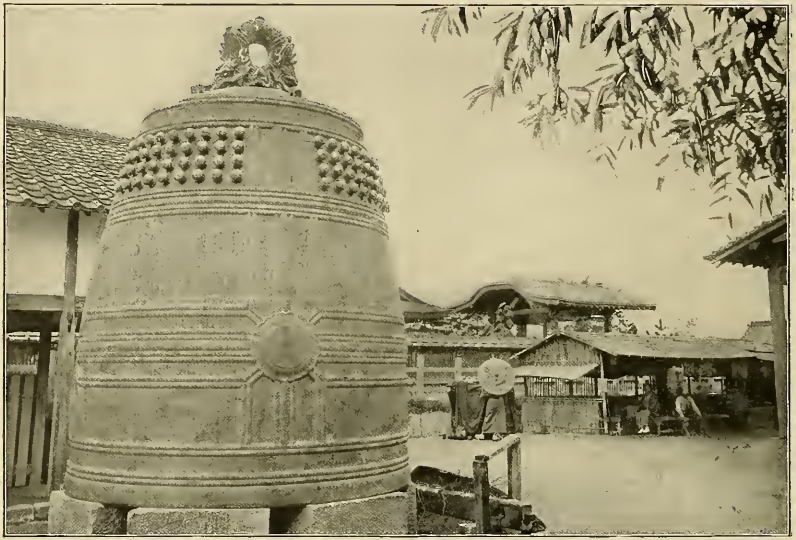


Their manner of threshing rice resembles in some degree that of the Filipinos, but the method of sifting the grain is vastly different, since the natives of the Philippines toss the grain aloft in small hand screens, allowing the wind to blow the chaff away. The Jap sifter resembles the familiar sand screen used by American masons.

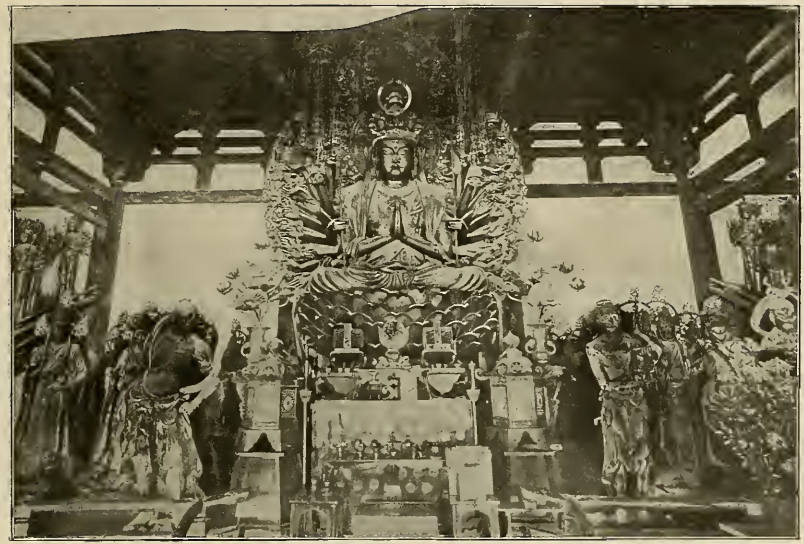
One of a pair of golden dolphins adorning the castle of Nagoya. They are perched upon the roof of the stone pagoda, and besides being all of eight feet in height, are valued at almost two hundred thousand dollars. They can be seen glittering from all points of the city.

The city of Gifu, in ruins after the memorable earthquake of 1891, during which it was estimated some ten thousand persons lost their lives, and twenty thousand were rendered homeless. And yet, so energetic were the inhabitants that rebuilding commenced immediately, just as though a recurrence of the cataclysm might never be expected.

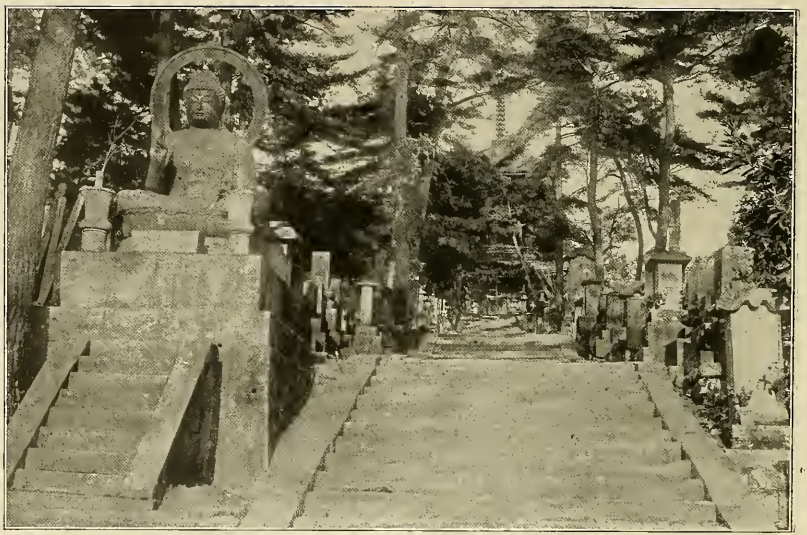
The temple of Chion-in at Kyoto represents the peculiar fancies of the Jodo sect of Buddhists. It is approached by a broad avenue, lined by patriarchal cherry trees, whose blossoms have drawn worshiping crowds for three centuries.



The great bell of bronze, weighing sixty-three tons, that stands in the courtyard of the Yasaka temple at Kyoto is the second largest in all Japan. One could easily imagine the sonorous boom that must follow the striking of that monstrous musical dome with the proper clapper.



The interior of the San-ju-san-gen-do temple near Kyoto is a bewildering sight with its barbarous decorations, and the confused mass of glittering deities. In the center of the great hall is the figure of Kwannon, seated on an immense lotus-flower of bronze, and ranged around her are some twenty-eight of her followers. Kwannon is the Buddha of Charity, with a thousand hands.



Kurodani, near Kyoto, with the inevitable figure of Great Buddha discovered at the top of the steps on the left. Travelers in Japan become so accustomed to coming upon this familiar figure everywhere, always with the same bland, meaningless, vacant expression, significant of neither anger nor pleasure, and typifying the national characteristic, placidity.

Marriages are usually arranged by the families of the bride and bridegroom, and the unique ceremony is always accompanied by a feast, the essential features of which are the changing of garments and the drinking of the insidious saké. Divorce is easily obtained by the man, though it is not as frequent as in many countries boasting of higher civilization.

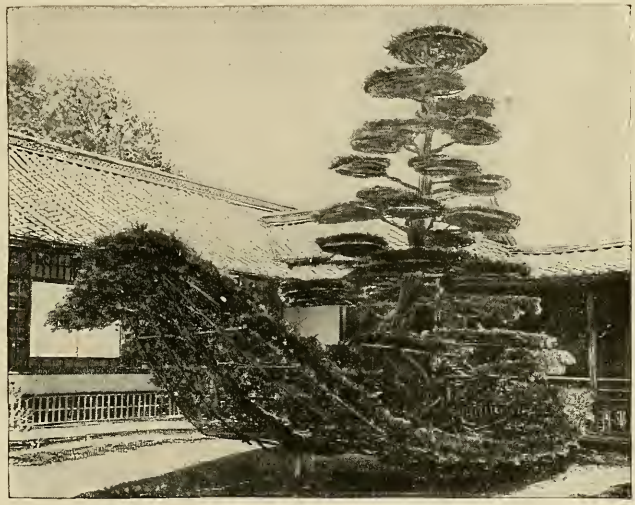
Kiyomizu-dera is another of those really wonderful temples near Kyoto, the exterior of which promises so little, while inside the lover of art finds many things to admire. The eleven-faced, thousand-handed Kwannon holds in her hands a number of Buddhist emblems, such as the lotus-flower, the wheel of the law, the sun and the moon, a skull, a pagoda, and an ax—this last serving to typify the cutting off of all worldly cares.

Tea-picking time is really the grand harvest in certain sections of Japan. The plant is a camellia, and myriads of white blossoms earlier in the season make the field look as though speckled with snowflakes. Some of the tea is so valuable that it brings six dollars the pound.

The famous old pine tree at Karasaki, whose branches, supported by a trellis, number four hundred, and average two hundred and fifty feet in length. The trunk is carefully sheltered from rain by a roof over the top. Benches lie scattered about, making this an ideal spot for picnics, the water being just beyond the embankment.

A Japanese shop where the finest specimens of cloisonné, satsuma, damascene, bronze, and lacquer are displayed. It is not unusual to find a cabinet inlaid with gold, and richly lacquered, worth ten thousand dollars, among the contents. There is plenty of room for examination, and nothing to offend the eye, only simple elegance in all the display.

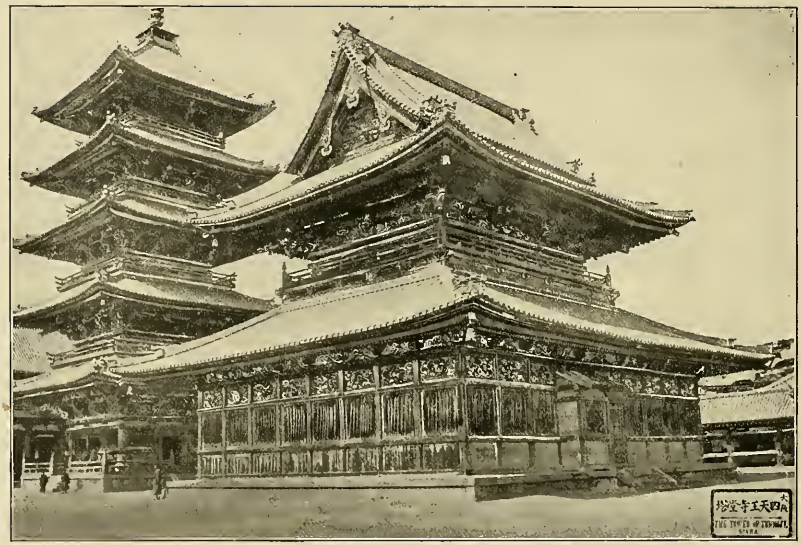
The golden pavilion at Kinkakuji, built upon the lake. In its prime the whole upper story was entirely incrusted with gold-leaf and the roof crowned by a golden phœnix, three feet high. In the lake are multitudes of tame carp, and the inevitable lotus-flower blooms profusely. Here the ex-Shogun Yoshimitsu, with shaved head and priestly robes, used to sit and meditate, while feasting his eyes upon the pretty flower-decked sheet of water.



The Jap gardeners delight to train trees and plants in the most astonishing manner. Nothing seems to be too difficult for them. In the accompanying illustration a pine tree has been coaxed and trimmed so that it has grown into the semblance of a junk. This is to be seen to-day in the gardens containing the golden temple at Kinkakuji.

A Japanese farmer lives a truly rural life. The houses of these peasants are small, and include under one overhanging roof both dwelling and barn. The soil is spaded by men and women, hoes and mattocks are used for gardening, and short, straight knives for reaping. The fields, constantly enriched, produce as much as three crops a year. The peasants wear the usual shirt and blue cotton short breeches, with a bowl-shaped hat as large as an umbrella, and a fan thrust into a girdle. In wet weather they don a rain-coat made of straw.

Inari is the Goddess of Rice in the form of a fox, and temples devoted to her worship are to be frequently found. One near Kyoto is possibly better known than the others. It is under the charge of the Shinto priests, who know full well how to extort tribute from the throngs of eager devotees who crowd the grounds at certain times.



The temple of Tennoji at Osaka is well worth visiting, and in this case outward appearances give abundant promise of rare curios within. The city of Osaki, which is traversed by many canals, over which bridges have been thrown, was constructed by Hideyoshi in the sixteenth century, and being now the commercial center of all Japan, stands as a monument of his sagacity.

The whole of Japan is a flower garden, and it is only natural that those who vend the brilliant bunches upon the public streets should offer a most astonishing bouquet at what seems to us a remarkably low price. And yet a sad disappointment awaits one, for Japan, despite her genial climate, is a strange country where the birds are virtually without song, the fruits almost tasteless, and the glorious flowers very nearly destitute of perfume.

The shrines erected by the followers of Shintoism may be found all over the empire. They seem to be of various devices, though apparently following out some necessary fundamental principle. The one in the illustration is located at Kobe, and is a fair representation of the whole class. To the uneducated eye the various characters and emblems are of course meaningless, but to the devotee they stand for all that is sacred.

The Inland Sea of Japan is a beautiful sheet of salt water, a strait that stretches for two hundred and forty miles between the main islands from Kobe to Shimonoseki. It is thickly studded with islands; some nameless rocks, others populated and rich in crops. Mountains rise here and there to the height of seven thousand feet, and altogether the trip through this enchanted region is one not easily forgotten.

In the midst of the Inland Sea stands the island of Miyajima, a resort of pilgrims, and so sacred that no one is allowed to be born or to die there. Its famous temple is built on piles over the water; the great torii, seen in the illustration, stands in the sea, and its sacred deer are so tame they eat out of one's hand.

Nagasaki, the chief southern seaport of Japan, is a bustling place at all times, and especially since war was declared against Russia, for it is from this point that the main body of the army operating in Southern Korea has embarked, and war vessels are continually arriving or departing. It is a live, wide-awake metropolis, keenly in touch with the outside world, and many of our transports bound to or from the Philippines stopped off here to give the soldier boys a run ashore and spend their money.

The road to Moji runs between hills terraced to the top, and planted with tea and rice. During the annual "Feast of the Dead," or "Feast of Lanterns," fires are lighted at night on the hill slopes, and the cemeteries, brilliantly illuminated with lanterns, are thronged by relatives of the departed. Moji is a village only five miles from the bustling seaport of Nagasaki, which has always been noted for its religious festivals.

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